in between days

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by peacefrog

Summary

Will freezes before he can cross the threshold, Hannibal with his back turned, dressed in nothing but black socks and a pair of underwear that would feel more at home in a Victoria's Secret catalog than on his psychiatrist.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Will stopped knocking on Hannibal's door around the time he discovered the very obvious location of the spare key. He lets himself in now as he has a dozen times, expecting to find Hannibal preparing dinner in the kitchen. Instead, he is nowhere to be found. After searching each room on the ground floor with no luck, Will makes his way upstairs.

The door to the master bedroom is ajar. Normally, Will wouldn't think to intrude like this, but something about the way he feels in Hannibal's home beckons him to push the door open. "Hannibal?"

Will freezes before he can cross the threshold, Hannibal with his back turned, dressed in nothing but black socks and a pair of underwear that would feel more at home in a Victoria's Secret catalog than on his psychiatrist.

Hannibal spins around, calmly reaching for his pants, giving Will a pleasant smile. "Hello, Will."

"I'm so sorry, Dr. Lecter, I just–"

"No need to apologize," Hannibal says, tugging on his pants. "Please wait for me downstairs. I won't be a moment."

Will is flushed from his chest all the way up to his ears as he makes his way downstairs. All he can see is blue mesh adorned with polka dots. Satin ribbon laced halfway down his backside. The delicate little bow staring back at him.

He ignores the stirring low in his belly, considering for a moment running out the front door and never looking back. Instead, he forces himself to sit down in the armchair in the kitchen, fidgeting with the hem of his jacket as he waits for Hannibal to join him.

"I'm sorry to keep you waiting," Hannibal says, entering the kitchen and retrieving his apron. "I wasn't planning on company tonight, but I'm happy to make dinner for two."

Will can't bring himself to look Hannibal in the eye. "That won't be necessary. I shouldn't have barged in like that."

"Is everything alright?"

"Yeah. I should go."

"Certainly you came over for a reason."

He did, only now he can't seem to locate that reason anywhere inside his mind. "Wasn't important."

"I apologize if I shocked you," Hannibal says. "Would you like to talk about it?"

Will flushes even hotter. Hannibal remains as calm as ever.

“No, I…” Will swallows thickly around the words, uncertain exactly what he’s feeling. “I’m not shocked. Plenty of men wear women’s underwear, right?”

“They’re not women’s underwear, Will. They’re mine.” Hannibal says, far too casually. “Although they are of the variety typically purchased by women.”

“You don’t have to explain.” Will squeezes his eyes shut, recalling the way the sheer material stretched across the swell of his ass. “I’ll just go.”

“Stay for dinner,” Hannibal insists. “If you truly have no more questions, we don’t have to speak of it again, but if you do, I assure you I am an open book.”

Will takes a deep, shuddering breath, exhaling slowly through his mouth. “Yeah,” he says. “Okay.”

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Will has no idea what’s on his plate. It’s not that Hannibal is being a neglectful host, Will simply can’t remember, his mind fixated on blue mesh and satin ribbon, wondering if Hannibal chose them to match his tie, or if that was simply a coincidence.

“Will?” Hannibal snaps Will out of his daze. “I asked if you were alright. You haven’t touched your food.”

Will pokes at the mystery meat on his plate. “Sorry,” he says. “Just tired. It’s been a long week.”

“I meant it when I said I am an open book. There is no need to retreat.”

“I’m not re–” Will pauses for a moment, setting his fork down on his plate. “Do you always wear them?”

“Not always, although lately more often than not. It depends on my mood.”

“Why?”

“I had a partner some time ago that had a fantasy I indulged,” Hannibal says, sipping his wine. “Through that experience, I discovered certain truths about myself.”

“Is it…” Will can’t bring himself to ask what is really on his mind.

Luckily, Hannibal already knows. “Sexual?”

Will nods, face growing hot.

“It can be, especially with a partner who enjoys that sort of thing. Mostly, I wear them because I enjoy them, both for the aesthetic and the comfort they provide.”

“Oh.”

They eat the rest of their meal without speaking of it again. It's not until they're drying dishes in the kitchen that Hannibal broaches the subject once more. "Tell me, Will," he says. "Are you simply curious about my own proclivities, or does your curiosity stem from something more personal?"

Will is half drunk on wine, warmed to the bone, and decides, for a moment, to allow himself to relax. "I don't know," he says. "I had never really considered anything like that until I walked into your room."

"Nor had I considered it. Until the day I did." Hannibal says. "Sometimes we need a helping hand on our journey to true self discovery."

It takes Will a moment to realize he's clenching the towel in his hand, staring at Hannibal's mouth. "Are you offering to be that hand, Dr. Lecter?"

"I'm offering to be whatever you need me to be, as your therapist and as your friend."

"Okay," Will says. "I'll keep that in mind."

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The next day Will finds a small package on his doorstep upon returning home. There is no return address anywhere in sight. He lets the dogs out, then opens it while watching them from the window. Inside is a small white box tied with a blue satin ribbon. Will's heart thuds against his ribs. He already knows what's inside.

He tosses the ribbon and the top of the box aside, pausing to catch his breath before peeling back the layers of tissue paper. He has to sit down when he sees the black lace staring back at him. He allows himself one tentative touch before pulling out his phone.

"I'll be there in an hour," he says when he gets Hannibal on he line. "If you have company, now would be a good time to get rid of them."

"I look forward to your arrival," Hannibal responds.

Will speeds the whole way there, glancing over at the little white box on the seat next to him with every passing mile.

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Will has the box tucked beneath his arm, so on edge he forgets all about the spare key as he knocks. When Hannibal swings the door open, Will nearly drops it to the ground.

Hannibal is dressed in nothing but a dark burgundy robe, silk clinging to lean muscle and skin. "Hello, Will," he says, ushering Will inside.

"Dr. Lecter." Will averts his gaze, removing his jacket with unsteady hands. "I have no idea what I'm doing."

"Allow me to show you, then."

Will follows Hannibal into the living room, perching on the edge of the couch, uncertain what to do with his hands. He resists the urge to sit on them just to keep from fidgeting. Hannibal pours them each two fingers of whisky, but remains standing after handing Will his glass.

“Do you want me to wear them?” Will asks, daring to gaze up at Hannibal where he stands.

“I want you to do whatever you feel most comfortable with.”

“I don’t know that I’m going to be comfortable with any of this.”

Without warning Hannibal is suddenly untying his robe, the silk slinking down his arms, pooling around his ankles as it falls to the floor. “Perhaps this will help?”

Hannibal stands before him in nothing but a skin-tight pair of delicate lace panties, the same deep burgundy as the robe. They leave little to the imagination, his soft cock barely contained by the minimal fabric.

Will’s pretty certain he’s blushing right down to the tips of his toes. He envies Hannibal’s calm, arms hanging casually at his sides, expression pleasant, studying Will in a manner that borders on clinical.

“I was hoping allowing you to see me in this light, at ease in my own home and in my own skin, would be helpful to you embracing your own newfound desires,” Hannibal says. “But I fear I have only made you more uncomfortable. Would you like me to get dressed?”

“No!” Will shouts, flushing even hotter at the desperation in his voice. “No. Just… I need a minute.”

“Take all the time you need.”

Hannibal remains stoic, reaching for his glass, sipping his whisky, but otherwise unmoving from where he stands before Will. He is not visibly aroused, but Will is unable to say the same for himself. He tugs at the bottom of his shirt, wondering if Hannibal has already noticed.

“Can I…” Will shifts uncomfortably on the couch, struggling to swallow around the lump in his throat. “Can I touch them?”

“Of course.”

Hannibal moves close enough that Will barely has to reach out before his fingers make contact with the lace. It’s softer than he imagined, gliding beneath his touch as he tentatively explores the small strip of fabric stretched across Hannibal’s hip.

“Is there anywhere else you would like to touch?” Hannibal asks.

“I…” Will’s erection strains against his zipper, bordering on painful. “No. I want you to... touch yourself. I want to see.”

“As you wish.”

Hannibal reaches down to palm at himself through the panties, pressing the heel of his hand down hard before gripping his shaft. He rubs himself through the delicate fabric until his arousal becomes apparent, the head of his cock peeking out from beneath the waistband.

“Is this what you want to see, Will?”

Will feels as though his lungs are going to explode, exhaling hard as he attempts to speak. “Yes.”

“Would you like me to remove them?”

“No,” Will croaks out. “No. Please. Leave them on.”

Hannibal strokes himself through the restrictive fabric the best he can, bottom lip caught between his teeth, maintaining hard eye contact with Will the entire time. His thighs shake, hips twitching as he presses into his own touch. He grows even harder still, cock straining against the lace, pre-come leaking against his belly.

He comes with a soft gasp, much quicker than Will imagined he would, soaking the lace through, a few stray droplets splashing up to his navel.

Will reaches out to drag his fingers through the mess, gazing into the deep, dark pools of Hannibal’s eyes as he brings them to his lips, tongue darting out to taste.

“Are we feeling better now?” Hannibal asks, chest rising and falling in time with his ragged breaths.

“I’m feeling like… I’d like to change,” Will says, glancing over at the box containing Hannibal’s gift of black lace beside him.

Hannibal bares his teeth for a brief moment, lips upturning in a smile. He elegantly glides across the room, pouring himself another drink, ruined panties clinging to his skin as he sips, like he doesn’t have a care in the world.

Will grips the box in his hand, making his way to the bathroom down the hall.

End Notes

original prompts here, here, and here.

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